

"FRIENDS LIKE US"

Pilot

Written by

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**FIRST DRAFT
March 3, 1994**

THE CHARACTERS

- MONICA - Smart. Cynical. Defended. Very attractive. Had to work for everything she has. An assistant chef for a chic uptown restaurant. And a romantic disaster area.
- RACHEL - Spoiled. Adorable. Courageous. Terrified. Monica's best friend from high school. Has worked for none of what she has. On her own for the first time. And equipped to do nothing.
- PHOEBE - Sweet. Flaky. New Age waif. Monica's former roommate. Sells barrettes on the street and plays guitar in the subway. A good soul.
- ROSS - Intelligent. Emotional. Romantic. Monica's brother. Suddenly divorced. Facing singlehood with phenomenal reluctance. A paleontologist. Not that it matters.
- JOEY - Handsome. Macho. Smug. Lives across the hall from Monica and Rachel. Wants to be an actor. Actually, wants to be Al Pacino. Loves women, sports, women, New York, women and most of all Joey.
- CHANDLER - Droll. Dry. A wry observer of everyone's life. And his own. Works in front of a computer doing something tedious in a claustrophobic cubicle in a nondescript office building. Survives by way of his sense of humor. And snacks.

All are in their twenties. All trying to figure it out.

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. COFFEE HOUSE - AFTERNOON

A RAINY AFTERNOON. MONICA, JOEY, CHANDLER AND PHOEBE ARE HANGING OUT, TALKING. WE HEAR SNATCHES OF CONVERSATION, BROKEN UP BY A SERIES OF DISSOLVES.

MONICA

I'm telling you, I've had it with
the whole dating thing.

JOEY

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

MONICA

I mean it this time. If I have to
laugh at another stupid anecdote or
eat another caesar salad, I'm going
to kill myself.

PHOEBE

I don't hate dating.

MONICA

That's 'cause you don't date. You
just move in with guys.

PHOEBE

(WITH A SHRUG) That's true.

JOEY

You know what my favorite kind of
date is?

MONICA

The kind where you don't leave your
gum in her ear?

JOEY

(TO CHANDLER) I can't believe you
told her.

CHANDLER

I couldn't help myself.

PHOEBE

So, wait a minute. If you're not
dating anymore, what's tonight?

MONICA

Tonight is... not a date. It's not.
It's just two people going out to
dinner and not having sex.

CHANDLER

Sounds like a date to me.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE SAME - LATER

THERE ARE MORE HALF-EMPTY PLATES ON THE TABLE. JOEY IS
ARGUING WITH MONICA.

JOEY

I can't believe what I'm hearing
here.

MONICA

What? I said you had a very nice
butt. It's just not a great butt.

PHOEBE

You know who had a great butt?
Speed Racer. (OFF THEIR LOOKS)
Well, he did.

JOEY

(TO MONICA) You know what, I'm not
even gonna listen to you. You
wouldn't know a great butt if it
came up and bit you.

CHANDLER

There's an image.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE SAME - A LITTLE LATER

MORE DISHES AND CUPS LITTER THE TABLE. CHANDLER IS IN THE
MIDDLE OF RELATING A DREAM:

CHANDLER

All right. I'm back in high school.
In the middle of the junior-senior
lobby. And I realize I am totally
naked.

THE OTHERS

I've had that dream. Oh, yeah.
Sure.

CHANDLER

Then I look down and I realize
there's a phone... there.

JOEY

Instead of... ?

CHANDLER

Yup.

THE OTHERS

I have never had that dream. Wow.

You are alone.

CHANDLER

All of a sudden, the phone starts to ring. I don't know what to do.

Everyone starts looking at me.

MONICA

They weren't looking at you before?

CHANDLER

Finally, I figure I better answer it. Turns out it's my mother. Which is really weird, 'cause she never calls me.

JOEY

Oh, yeah, that's what's weird.

IN THE MIDST OF THIS, ROSS, MONICA'S OLDER BROTHER, ENTERS. HE IS TOTALLY DESPONDENT. HE MOVES TO THE OTHERS AND SITS.

ROSS

(A VOICE FROM THE ABYSS) Hi.

JOEY

This guy says hello, I wanna kill myself.

MONICA

You okay?

ROSS

I feel like someone reached down my throat, grabbed my small intestine, pulled it out of my mouth and tied it around my neck.

CHANDLER

(OFFERING) Cookie?

MONICA

(EXPLAINING TO THE OTHERS) Carol moved her stuff out today.

PHOEBE GOES TO ROSS AND WAVES HER HANDS WILDLY VERY CLOSE TO HIS HEAD.

ROSS

(DUCKING) What are you doing?

PHOEBE

I'm cleansing your aura.

ROSS

Well... don't. Just -- just leave my aura alone. I'll be fine. Really. Look, I hope she'll be happy.

MONICA

No, you don't.

ROSS

No, I don't. Okay, I hope she'll be happy but not until I'm happy.

Which may take forever, but the hell with her, she left me.

JOEY

(AFTER A PAUSE) And you never knew she was a lesbian?

ROSS

(SNAPPING) No! Why does everyone keep fixating on that? She didn't know, how should I know? It's not like there's a mark on her head.

CHANDLER

Sometimes I wish I were a lesbian. (OFF THEIR LOOKS) Did I say that out loud?

ROSS

(TO MONICA) I told Mom and Dad last night.

MONICA

Yeah, I know. Then they called and yelled at me for an hour and a half. They couldn't quite explain how I'm responsible for your ex-wife's sexual preference, but that didn't stop them.

JOEY

(TO ROSS) Alright, look. You're feelin' a lot of pain right now. You're angry. You're hurt. Blah, blah, blah. Blah, blah, blah. You know what the answer is? You need another woman.

MONICA

Oh, please. That's your answer to "Do you want more coffee?"

JOEY

Hey, you gotta get back on the horse.

MONICA

And speaking for all women, thank you for the livestock analogy.

ROSS

But I don't want another woman. I don't want to be single. I don't want to put together all that IKEA furniture by myself. I just -- I just want to be married again.

AT THAT MOMENT, A WOMAN IN A BRIDAL GOWN ENTERS. SEEING THIS, CHANDLER TAKES A SHOT:

CHANDLER

And I just want a lot of money.

HE LOOKS AT THE DOOR, EXPECTANTLY. NOTHING.

CHANDLER (CONT'D)

See, now why doesn't it work for me?

THE BRIDE GOES TO THE COUNTER. SHE IS SOAKING WET FROM THE RAIN. AS SHE ORDERS COFFEE:

ROSS

(TO MONICA) Isn't that Rachel Robbins?

MONICA

Where?

ROSS

Where??

MONICA SEES THAT INDEED SHE KNOWS THE WET BRIDE.

MONICA

Be right back... (GOING OVER)

Rachel?

RACHEL TURNS AND SEES HER. SHE GREET'S MONICA WITH AN OUTPOURING OF RELIEF:

RACHEL

Oh, god, Monica, hi, thank god. I went to your apartment and you weren't there and I didn't know what to do and so I just came in here for -- (TAKING COFFEE FROM WAITRESS) -- thanks -- coffee.

WAITRESS

That's a dollar twenty-five.

RACHEL

Oh. Right. I -- I just have the penny my Aunt Harriet put in my shoe for luck.

MONICA

I'm just guessing it didn't work.

SHE PAYS. THERE IS AN AWKWARD MOMENT AS SHE SURVEYS THE SOAKING WET BRIDE.

MONICA (CONT'D)

So... what's new?

RACHEL

Not much. I'm supposed to get married in about... fifteen minutes.

MONICA

Ah. I didn't know. I guess that's because I wasn't, oh, I don't know, invited.

RACHEL

I know. I'm sorry.

MONICA

Hey, it's your wedding. I --

RACHEL

Monica.

MONICA

I mean, I know we haven't kept in touch lately, but --

RACHEL

Monica. These shoes hurt. This cup is hot. Think you could get over this a little faster?

MONICA

I'll work on it. C'mon.

SHE TAKES HER BACK TO THE TABLE.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Everybody, this is Rachel, who I thought was my best friend in high school. Rachel, this is everybody: Joey and Chandler and Phoebe and you remember my brother, Ross.

RACHEL

Sure.

ROSS

(CLEARLY REMEMBERS HER) Hi.

PHOEBE

Great dress.

RACHEL

Thanks. It's... (GETTING CHOKED UP)
... Versace.

MONICA

What happened?

RACHEL

Oh, god. I don't know. I guess it
was the gravy boat that started it.

CHANDLER

Isn't it always.

RACHEL

I -- I was in this room where we
were keeping all the presents. And
I was looking at this gravy boat,
this really gorgeous Limoges gravy
boat. And all of a sudden I
realized that I was more turned on
by this gravy boat than by Barry.
And I got really freaked out and I
was talking about it with Mindy, my
maid of honor. And that's when it
hit me how much Barry looks like Mr.
Potatohead.

(MORE)

RACHEL (cont'd)

I mean, I always knew he looked familiar, but -- So anyway, I just had to get out of there. And I didn't know what to do or where to go. And you were the only one I knew who lived here in the city --

MONICA

-- who wasn't invited to the wedding.

SHE SMILES, GUILTILY. THEN SHIVERS AND SNEEZES.

CUT TO:

INT. MONICA'S APARTMENT - LATER

CLOSE ON A TV. A SPANISH LANGUAGE SOAP OPERA IS IN PROGRESS. PULL BACK TO REVEAL THE GROUP, RIVETED, TRYING TO GUESS THE PLOT. ALL BUT RACHEL, WHO IS IN THE KITCHEN TALKING ON THE PHONE. SHE IS NOW WEARING A BORROWED PAIR OF JEANS AND A SWEATSHIRT, TOWEL-DRYING HER HAIR.

CHANDLER

Okay. Okay. The lady in the red dress is really pissed at the guy who can't stand still because...

PHOEBE

... because he's breaking off their affair.

MONICA

... because he's wearing her top.

MEANWHILE, RACHEL IS SPEAKING WITH HER FATHER.

RACHEL

(TENTATIVELY) Hi, Daddy. ... No, I'm okay. I'm okay. Really. I just... I'm sorry. I can't marry him. ... I just don't love him. ... Well, it matters to me. ... Daddy, please don't yell. I -- May I speak? ... May I speak? ... May I speak?

AFTER A MOMENT, SHE HOLDS THE PHONE AWAY FROM HER EAR. WE CAN HEAR THE MUTED SQUAWKING OF HER FATHER. SHE LOOKS OUT AT THE TELEVISION.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

The woman in the red dress is upset
because he knows who tried to
steal her baby. (OFF THEIR LOOKS)
I took Spanish in college.

JOEY

Well, that sucks all the fun out of
it.

THEY CHANGE THE CHANNEL AND LAND ON SUSAN POWTER PUSHING HER
DIET AND EXERCISE REGIMEN.

CHANDLER

Is it me, or is there something
ironic about a bald, anorexic woman
jumping up and down, screaming "stop
the insanity"?

MEANWHILE, RACHEL IS NOW ARGUING WITH HER FATHER, UPSET.

RACHEL

But, Daddy, it's MY life. ...
Well, maybe that's MY
decision. ... Maybe I'll stay here.
... Maybe I don't need your money.
Wait! I said "maybe"!

BUT THERE'S NOTHING BUT DIAL TONE. THEY ALL STARE AT
RACHEL. SHE LOOKS PALE.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE SAME - A LITTLE LATER

MONICA, PHOEBE AND ROSS SIT WITH RACHEL WHO IS HYPERVENTILATING INTO A PAPER BAG. CHANDLER AND JOEY LOOK ON WITH CONCERN WHILE THEY RAID THE FRIDGE.

ROSS

Just breathe. Breathe. That's it.
Just relax. Try to think about
nice, calm things.

PHOEBE

(SINGING SOFTLY) RAINDROPS ON ROSES
AND WHISKERS ON KITTENS / DOORBELLS
AND SLEIGHBELLS AND... SOMETHING
WITH MITTENS / LA LA LA SOMETHING
AND NOODLES WITH STRING / THESE ARE
A FEW OF MY FAVORITE THINGS...

RACHEL

(GASPING) Don't sing.

MONICA

It's gonna be okay. C'mon, ya'ya
all gotten along fine without your
father's money. You can, too.

RACHEL

(LOWERING BAG) You're right.
You're right.

(MORE)

RACHEL (cont'd)

I've never lived on my own and taken care of myself, and although it doesn't sound like something I'd particularly like, if I'm ever going to try it, now's the time. So...

MONICA

So... what, so? (OFF RACHEL'S IMPLOING LOOK) Oh, no. Look, I'm really not good with the roommate thing. No one should be around me in the morning. (TO THE OTHERS) Tell her.

THE OTHERS

It's true. She's a nightmare.

PHOEBE

I used to live with her. She's a total bitch.

MONICA

(THIN SMILE) There, you see.

JOEY

Listen, if she says no, you know, you always got a place with Joey. Me and Chandler live right across the hall.

MONICA

Joey, stop hitting on her. It's her wedding day. (THEN, WITH A SIGH)
Alright, look. We can try it.
But the minute we start sharing clothes or giving each other bikini waxes you're outta here.

SFX: INTERCOM BUZZER

CHANDLER

(INTO INTERCOM) Can I take your order?

PAUL (OVER INTERCOM)

It's... Paul.

MONICA

Buzz him. (TO RACHEL) I totally forgot. I'm supposed to go out with this guy tonight. I'll just tell him I can't do it.

JOEY

'Cause let's not forget, it's not a real date.

RACHEL

No. Go. I'll be fine. Really.

SFX: KNOCK AT THE DOOR

MONICA OPENS IT TO REVEAL PAUL, A NICE-LOOKING GUY IN HIS LATE TWENTIES.

MONICA

Hey. C'mon in. Paul, this is
everybody. Everybody, Paul.

PAUL ENTERS. EVERYONE SAYS HI. AND WHEN HIS BACK IS TO
THEM, THEY INDICATE TO MONICA: NOT BAD, ALL RIGHT, ETC.

MONICA (CONT'D)

I'll be right out.

SHE EXITS INTO THE BEDROOM.

JOEY

(TO PAUL) Here's a tip. She really
likes it when you rub her neck on
the same spot over and over and over
again till it starts to get a little
red.

MONICA (O.S.)

Shut up, Joey!

JOEY SHRUGS. ROSS TURNS TO RACHEL, A LITTLE AWKWARD.

ROSS

So... do you have any plans tonight?

RACHEL

Well, I was kind of supposed to be
heading for Aruba on my honeymoon,
so... no.

ROSS

Oh, right. Sure. Well, if you don't feel like being alone, Joey and Chandler are coming over to help me put together my new furniture.

CHANDLER

And we're very excited about it.

RACHEL

Thanks. I think I'll just hang out here. It's been a long day.

ROSS

Sure. Okay. Sure.

JOEY

Phoebe, you wanna help?

PHOEBE

I wish I could. I can't. I've got to work tonight.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY STATION - LATER

PHOEBE IS SITTING ON THE GROUND, PLAYING ONE OF HER TERRIBLE FOLK SONGS. HER GUITAR CASE IS OPEN FOR MONEY. SHE SINGS:

PHOEBE

LOVE IS SWEET AS SUMMER SHOWERS,
LOVE IS A WONDEROUS WORK OF ART,
BUT YOUR LOVE,
YOUR LOVE,
YOUR LOVE
IS LIKE A GIANT PIGEON CRAPPING ON
MY HEART.

CUT TO:

INT. ROSS'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

IT IS A VIRTUALLY EMPTY APARTMENT. JOEY AND CHANDLER ARE DRINKING BEER AND HELPING ROSS PUT TOGETHER HIS NEW IKEA FURNITURE. ROSS IS WORKING ON SOMETHING THAT SOMEDAY WILL BE A COFFEE TABLE. JOEY READS INSTRUCTIONS FOR A BOOKCASE TO CHANDLER.

JOEY

Alright, you need to attach a brackety thing to the side things using a bunch of these little worm guys, and all of that hooks onto "H".

CHANDLER

I have no brackety things. I see no worm guys whatsoever. I'm telling you, this is a Swedish conspiracy.

ROSS

(EQUALLY FRUSTRATED) What if I throw out all this stuff and just use the box as a coffee table? I could put a cloth on it...

CUT TO:

INT. JAPANESE RESTAURANT - SAME TIME

MONICA AND PAUL ARE ON THEIR DATE. CONVERSATION HAS JUST COME TO A STANDSTILL.

PAUL

You knew I was married, right?

MONICA

Nooooo. No, I didn't. Not that this surprises me. What with things going so well, and you being so nice and heterosexual and all. But, uh... look, I don't go out with married guys. They have... wives.

PAUL

Whoa. Ho. No no. No no no. Was married. As in she left me. As in I would be happy to see her trapped in a mine disaster with a yeast infection.

MONICA

Oh. Well, at least you're not angry.

HE SMILES AND SHRUGS.

CUT TO:

INT. MONICA AND RACHEL'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

RACHEL IS TALKING ON THE PHONE. SHE PACES, UPSET.

RACHEL

(INTO PHONE) I just wanted to say
I'm sorry, Barry, I am so sorry. I
know you probably think this is all
about what I said the other night
about you making love with your
socks on. But it isn't. It's about
me. I --

SHE HANGS UP AND RE-DIALS. WAITS FOR THE MESSAGE.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

(INTO PHONE) I got beeped off
again. Anyway. Look, I know you
probably hate me. And that's fair.
But I wanted you to know that if you
ever just want to talk to me or yell
at me -- I'm here. You know, I
still think you're one of the
most --

SHE'S CUT OFF AGAIN. SHE ROLLS HER EYES, HANGS UP, AND
RE-DIALS.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. ROSS'S APARTMENT - LATER

THE FURNITURE-BUILDING PROGRESSES SLOWLY. CHANDLER AND JOEY HAVE JUST FINISHED BUILDING A WALL UNIT. THEY SURVEY THEIR HANDIWORK PROUDLY.

JOEY

I'm thinkin' we got a bookcase here.

CHANDLER

It's a beautiful thing.

THEN JOEY NOTICES SOMETHING ON THE FLOOR.

JOEY

(QUIETLY) What's that?

CHANDLER

I would have to say it's an L-shaped bracket.

JOEY

Which goes where?

THEY BOTH STARE AT THE BOOKCASE.

CHANDLER

I have no idea.

BEAT. JOEY KICKS THE BRACKET UNDER THE SOFA.

JOEY

Done with the bookcase!

ROSS IS INTO HIS SECOND BEER. HE STARES AT THE FURNITURE PIECES AROUND HIM.

ROSS

I really miss her.

JOEY

Yo. If you're gonna start with that stuff, we're outta here.

CHANDLER

(VERY DRY) Yeah. Don't spoil the fun.

ROSS

You're right. You're right. I'm sorry. (BEAT) I was cleaning out the bathroom and I found an old box of her maxi-pads. I just couldn't get myself to throw them out.

CHANDLER

Sure.

ROSS

So I've been using them as arch supports.

JOEY / CHANDLER

Aw, man! Don't tell us this!

CUT BACK TO:

INT. JAPANESE RESTAURANT - SAME TIME

PAUL

Ever since she left, I've been
unable to perform... sexually.

MONICA

Yow. (THEN) I'm sorry. "Yow" is
probably not the most appropriate
response.

PAUL

It's so bizarre. I mean, I meet a
woman and it's like my mind is going
"Yeah!" and my body's going "Wanna
bat?"

MONICA

(MUCH MORE SYMPATHETICALLY) Yow.

PAUL

Yeah.

SHE TAKES HIS HAND AND HOLDS IT.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. ROSS'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

THE GUYS HAVE STOPPED BUILDING FURNITURE AND ARE NOW JUST GETTING SERIOUS ABOUT THEIR BEER.

ROSS

I'm divorced! I'm 26 and I'm
divorced!

JOEY

Shut up!

CHANDLER

Ross, you've got to understand.
Between us, we haven't had a
relationship that's lasted longer
than a Mento. You had the love of a
woman for four years. Four years of
closeness and sharing, at the end of
which she ripped your heart out, and
that's why we don't do it! (BEAT)
I don't think that was my point.

ROSS

Okay okay okay. Okay. What if --
what if there was only one woman for
me? What if you only get one and
that's it? Unfortunately, in my
case, there was only one woman for
her.

JOEY

What are you talkin' about? "One woman." That's like sayin' there's only one flavor of ice cream for you. Let me tell you somethin', there's lots of flavors out there. (INCREASINGLY PASSIONATE) There's Rocky Road and Cookie Dough and Bing Cherry Vanilla. They got kinds with fudge swirls and nougat. You can get 'em with jimmies or nuts or no nuts or whipped cream. This is the best thing that ever happened to you! You got married, you were like what, right? Welcome back to the world! Grab a spoon!

ROSS

(AFTER A BEAT) I honestly don't know if I'm horny or hungry.

CHANDLER

Then stay out of my freezer.

CUT TO:

INT. MONICA AND RACHEL'S APARTMENT - LATER

CLOSE ON THE TV SET. IT'S AN OLD "HAPPY DAYS" RERUN. THE ONE WHERE JOANIE AND CHACHI GET MARRIED. PULL BACK TO REVEAL RACHEL WATCHING. THERE ARE TEARS IN HER EYES AND A GALLON TUB OF ICE CREAM IN HER LAP. AS CHACHI SAYS "I DO", RACHEL WIPES AWAY A TEAR WITH HER WEDDING VEIL.

RACHEL

(TO HERSELF) See, but, Joanie
loved Chachi. That's the
difference...

CUT BACK TO:

INT. MONICA'S HALLWAY - LATER

PAUL HAS BROUGHT MONICA HOME. THEY STAND OUTSIDE HER DOOR.

MONICA

This was great. I mean it. I was fully prepared for you to eat with the food on the outside of your mouth or make little bunnies out of your napkin -- it's happened -- but this was great.

PAUL

It really was. Anyway...

THE AIR IS THICK WITH SEXUAL TENSION. HE LEANS IN TO KISS HER. BUT RIGHT BEFORE THEIR LIPS TOUCH:

PAUL

So can I call you again?

MONICA

(FOCUSED ON HIS LIPS) Uh huh.

PAUL

(EVEN CLOSER) Tomorrow okay?

MONICA

Uh huh.

PAUL

I was thinking we could --

MONICA

Paul. Shut up.

SHE KISSES HIM. IT'S A GOOD KISS. THEY PRESS AGAINST EACH OTHER. ALL OF A SUDDEN BOTH THEIR EYES WIDEN. MONICA GLANCES DOWN. PAUL TRIES TO SUPPRESS A GRIN.

PAUL

We're, uh, we're not alone.

MONICA

I... noticed.

PAUL

This is... historic. I mean... oh,
my god.

SHE LAUGHS AND KISSES HIM AGAIN. THEN:

MONICA

You... wanna come in?

PAUL

I don't know. I mean, I do, but,
I don't know. Maybe we should take
this slow.

MONICA

Believe me, I'm all for slow.

PAUL

Okay. Tomorrow. We'll talk.

MONICA

Tomorrow. (OPENING THE DOOR)

Goodnight.

SHE TURNS. BEAT. THEY KISS AGAIN. AND AGAIN. THEY FALL
INTO THE APARTMENT.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK - STOCK SHOT

THE SKYLINE OF NEW YORK AT NIGHT. WE HEAR THE LAST STRAINS
OF PHOEBE'S SONG:

PHOEBE (O.S.)

... AND YOUR LOVE,
YOUR LOVE,
YOUR LOVE
IS LIKE A FURBALL IN MY THROAT.

AND WE...

FADE OUT.

ACT TWOFADE IN:INT. MONICA AND RACHEL'S APARTMENT - THE NEXT MORNING

RACHEL IS IN A ROBE, POURING COFFEE FOR CHANDLER AND JOEY WHO HAVE COME OVER TO MOOCH SOME BREAKFAST.

RACHEL

(EXCITED) Isn't it amazing? I mean, I have never made coffee before in my life.

CHANDLER / JOEY

That is amazing. Congratulations.

RACHEL

You know, I figure if I can make coffee, there isn't anything I can't do.

CHANDLER

I think it's "If I can invade Poland, there isn't anything I can't do."

JOEY

Listen, while you're on a roll, if you feel like you gotta make, like, a western omelette or something -- (TASTING COFFEE) -- although, actually, I'm really not that hungry this morning.

CHANDLER

(OVERLAPPING, ALSO HAVING TASTED IT)

Mmmm. Just coffee for me. It's a
breakfast unto itself.

RACHEL

You're welcome.

AS SHE TURNS HER BACK TO PUT THE COFFEE POT BACK ON THE
STOVE, THE GUYS MOUTH TO EACH OTHER THAT THIS IS PERHAPS THE
WORST COFFEE EVER BREWED BY PEOPLE. AT THAT MOMENT, THE
DOOR TO MONICA'S BEDROOM OPENS. SHE EMERGES DRESSED FOR
WORK.

EVERYONE

Morning.

MONICA

(NONCHALANT) Good morning.

WITH THAT, PAUL EMERGES, DRESSED AS HE WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE.
HE SMILES, KIND OF SHEEPISHLY.

PAUL

Morning.

EVERYONE

(SUPPRESSED SMILES) Hello, Paul.

Morning, Paul. Hello, Paul.

AS MONICA LEADS HIM TO THE DOOR:

PAUL

(SOTTO) Do those guys live here?

MONICA

No. They're just the Lenny and
Squiggy of my life.

THEY STAND IN THE DOORWAY AND CONTINUE IN WHISPERS.

PAUL

Thank you. Thank you so much.

HE KISSES HER. MONICA EYES THE OTHERS PEERING AROUND TO SEE.

MONICA

We'll talk later.

PAUL

Thank. You.

HE GOES. MONICA CLOSES THE DOOR AND SIGHS.

JOEY

And that wasn't a real date. What the hell do you do on a real date?

MONICA

I'm afraid that's a mystery you will never unravel.

CHANDLER

All right, kids, I've got to get to work. If I don't input those numbers... it doesn't make much difference.

RACHEL

So, like, you guys all have jobs?

THE OTHER THREE EXCHANGE A LOOK.

MONICA

Yeah, we all have jobs. That's how we... buy stuff.

JOEY

(TO RACHEL, VERY COOL) I'm an actor.

RACHEL

Wow. Would I have seen you in anything?

JOEY

I doubt it. Mostly regional work.

MONICA

Unless you happened to catch the Wae One's production of "Pinocchio" at the Little Theatre in the Park.

JOEY

(SNAPPING, DEFENSIVE) It was a job, all right??

CHANDLER

"Look, Gepetto, I'm a real, live boy."

JOEY

Thank you. You can both die slowly.

HE STORMS OUT. CHANDLER FOLLOWS.

CHANDLER

He was really very good.

HE LEAVES. MONICA GOES OVER TO RACHEL.

MONICA

How you doing today?

RACHEL

(SLYLY) Not as good as you. But
I'm okay. Really. Go. You go to
work.

AND WITH THAT, SHE TAKES HER COFFEE, CURLS UP ON THE COUCH
AND TURNS ON THE T.V. AS KATIE COURIC CHATS WITH BRYANT,
MONICA GOES OVER TO RACHEL.

MONICA

Uh, Rach. Little thing. If you're
gonna be staying here, you're gonna
have to help with the, you know,
rent?

RACHEL

(WITH A SHRUG) Okay.

MONICA

Which probably means getting one of
those job things?

RACHEL

Oh. Okay. Not a problem.

MONICA

(SKEPTICAL) Really.

RACHEL

Hey, I made coffee.

AS MONICA PONDERES THIS...

CUT TO:

INT. CHANDLER'S OFFICE - LATER

WELL, NOT REALLY AN OFFICE. MORE LIKE A TINY CUBICLE. CHANDLER SITS BEFORE HIS COMPUTER SCREEN. RACHEL IS VISITING. HE IS SHARING HIS WORK ETHIC WITH HER:

CHANDLER

I know sitting in front of this thing is killing my brain cells and my sperm, but I get to make free long distance calls, so what the hell.

CHANDLER'S SUPERVISOR, AN OLDER WOMAN WITH A GRIM EXPRESSION, PASSES BY. SHE PEERS OVER THE TOP OF CHANDLER'S CUBICLE. HE SMILES AT HER.

CHANDLER (CONT'D)

Hello, Mrs. Van Boone. You're looking lovely today. Is that a new pin? Smells like autumn, don't you think?

THE WOMAN SAYS NOTHING. SHE GIVES HIM ONE FINAL DARK LOOK AND MOVES OFF.

CHANDLER (CONT'D)

Woman scares the hell out of me. Anyway, your resume... (STARTING TO TYPE) Okie dokie. Previous experience?

RACHEL

Um... none?

CHANDLER

None. Job skills...

RACHEL

None.

CHANDLER

That's two "none"s. One more and
they can walk into a bar. Okay...
education?

RACHEL

A bachelors in art history.

CHANDLER

With a minor in... ?

RACHEL

Dance.

CHANDLER

Dance. You should do just fine.

CUT TO:

INT. BLOOMINGDALES - LATER

NEAR THE FRAGRANCE COUNTER. JOEY IS NOW IN A TUXEDO. HE HOLDS AN ATOMIZER WHICH HE OFFERS TO PASSING CUSTOMERS:

JOEY

Aramis... Aramis... Aramis...

RACHEL COMES UP.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Hey, gorgeous. How's the huntin'?

RACHEL

Uch, don't ask. But I got an interview here at four as an assistant buyer. I mean, doesn't that sound like the perfect job for me? If anything, I'm overqualified.

JOEY

If anything you're late.

RACHEL

(LOOKING AT HER WATCH) Oh oh oh --

JOEY

Go!

SHE RUNS OFF.

JOEY

Aramis... Aramis...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE SAME - A LITTLE LATER

JOEY IS NOW COMING ON TO A VERY ATTRACTIVE WOMAN CUSTOMER.

JOEY

Here. Smell me.

RACHEL COMES BOUNDING UP, BUOYANT.

RACHEL

Hey, Joey!

JOEY

You got the job!

RACHEL

No! But I found this great pair of
boots.

SHE OPENS HER SHOPPING BAG. HE LOOKS IN. READS THE PRICE
ON THE BOX.

JOEY

Wow. Four hundred bucks. You
really got this whole impoverished,
out of work thing down.

RACHEL BEAMS.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN - SAME TIME

MONICA IS AT WORK AS AN ASSISTANT CHEF IN AN ELEGANT UPTOWN FRENCH RESTAURANT. SHE IS IN A GREAT MOOD, STILL IN THE FLUSH OF AFTERGLOW. FRANNY, ANOTHER YOUNG WOMAN CHEF, COMES UP BESIDE HER. AS THEY SAUTE:

FRANNY

Hey.

MONICA

Hey.

FRANNY

How was your weekend?

MONICA

(SLY SMILE) Not bad.

FRANNY

You had sex, didn't you?

MONICA

(SMILING) I may have had sex, yes.

Onions.

FRANNY

(HANDING THEM TO HER) And the drought is over. So... who?

MONICA

You know Paul, the wine guy?

FRANNY

Oh, yeah. I know Paul. Is he unbelievable or what?

(MORE)

FRANNY (cont'd)

I mean, I could never see going out
with him seriously. I mean, he's
such a hound. But between those
Wamsuttas... hello!

MONICA

(STUNNED) When -- when did you go
out with him?

FRANNY

I dunno. Like two months ago.

AS MONICA AND THE ONIONS BURN...

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE HOUSE - LATER THAT EVENING

THE GROUP IS GATHERED.

JOEY

Of course it was a line!

MONICA

Why -- why -- why would anybody do something like that??

ROSS

I assume we're looking for an answer more sophisticated than "to get you into bed".

JOEY

Let's put it this way... were you especially attentive last night? Especially selfless and giving? You know, makin' that little extra effort 'cause it was all about him?

MONICA

I hate men. I hate men.

PHOEBE

She's right. A woman would never do something like this.

ROSS

Oh, yeah? Well, you ever hear about a man faking it?

RACHEL

We do that for you!

CHANDLER

And don't think we don't appreciate it.

MONICA

Is it me? Is it like I have a beacon that only dogs and men with severe emotional problems can hear?

PHOEBE

It's not you.

ROSS

Actually, I think it might be. Ninth grade. Ronnie Sugarman. And that kid from camp who was afraid of your bike.

RACHEL

(TO ROSS) Oh, and remember when Doug McCalister tried to feel her up with the oven-mitt.

MONICA

(HAD ENOUGH) Okay!

JOEY

(ENJOYING THIS) Sounds like you can really pick 'em.

MONICA

Yeah, it's a wonder I haven't slept
with you yet.

JOEY

Ow.

MONICA

(WITH A SIGH) Well, that's it.
Forget dating. I mean it this time.
Kennedys could call me!

CHANDLER

Especially Kennedys.

MONICA THROWS DOWN HER NAPKIN IN DISGUST.

MONICA

(SOFTLY) I just -- I just thought
he was nice. You know?

THERE IS AN UNCOMFORTABLE PAUSE. THEN:

JOEY

I can't believe you didn't know it
was a line.

AS MONICA LEAPS ACROSS THE TABLE TO KILL HIM...

CUT TO:

INT. MONICA AND RACHEL'S APARTMENT - LATER

THEY ARE ALL BACK IN THE APARTMENT. THE GUYS ARE AGAIN
RAIDING THE FRIDGE.

MONICA

Why don't I just bring my groceries
straight to your place.

JOEY

(MOUTH FULL) Orkay.

MONICA COMES ACROSS RACHEL'S BLOOMINGDALES BAG. SHE TAKES
OUT THE BOOTS.

MONICA

What's this?

RACHEL

They're my new I-don't-need-a-job-I-
don't-need-my-parents-I've-got-great-
boots boots.

MONICA

How'd you pay for them?

RACHEL

Credit card.

MONICA

And who pays for that?

RACHEL

(BARELY AUDIBLE) My father.

MONICA

So when you say you don't need your parents, you mean except for the stuff you want to buy.

RACHEL

What would you like me to do? Not have my parents pay for anything??

MONICA

Rach, you can't live off them your whole life.

RACHEL

I know that! That's why I was getting married!

PHOEBE

(TO MONICA) Oh, give her a break. It's hard being on your own for the first time.

RACHEL

Thank you.

PHOEBE

(TO RACHEL) I remember when I first came to the city. I was fourteen. My mom had just killed herself and my stepdad was back in prison.

(MORE)

PHOEBE (cont'd)

And when I got here, I didn't know anybody and I ended up living with this albino guy who sold smack in Port Authority. Then he killed himself and then I found aromatherapy. So, believe me, I know exactly how you feel.

RACHEL CAN ONLY STARE AT HER.

MONICA

Look, maybe this whole roommate thing wasn't such a great idea. I mean, this is high school all over again. (TO THE OTHERS) I work every afternoon, every weekend for two years to buy this horrible Chevette held together with band-aids and no windows. Her father buys her a BMW convertible. (TO RACHEL) This is the real world. I don't need that here.

ROSS

(TO RACHEL) That was such a great car.

MONICA

Ross!

RACHEL

Do you know how jealous I was of
your car?

MONICA

Oh, please.

RACHEL

I was! 'Cause it was yours! I
look at you guys in your crappy
apartments with no doormen and used
furniture, working just to make rent
and I think... that is so great.

JOEY

So how come I want to hit you with a
brick?

RACHEL

I just don't think I can do it.
This is me. This is who I am.

MONICA

Bull. That's not all you are.
You think you'd be my friend? Give
me some credit.

RACHEL STARES AT HER.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE SAME - A LITTLE LATER

RACHEL SITS AT THE KITCHEN TABLE WITH HER CREDIT CARDS SPREAD OUT BEFORE HER. THE OTHERS LOOK ON, SUPPORTIVELY. RACHEL PICKS UP A SCISSORS. SHE HESITATES.

RACHEL

Is this really necessary? I mean, I can stop charging any time I want.

CHANDLER

The first step is admitting you have a problem.

RACHEL

I can't do it.

MONICA

You can.

ROSS

(TO RACHEL) Come on.

JOEY

Go, Rach.

THEY ALL START TO CHEER HER ON.

RACHEL

Oh, god...

WITH THAT, SHE CUTS THE FIRST CARD IN HALF. SHE LETS OUT A LITTLE CRY. THE OTHERS CHEER.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

You know what? I think we should just leave it at that. You know, like a symbolic gesture.

MONICA

That was a gas card. You don't
even have a car in the city.

RACHEL

Okay, okay, fine.

WITH THAT, SHE QUICKLY AND PAINFULLY CUTS THROUGH THE OTHER
CARDS.

CHANDLER

If you listen very carefully, you
can hear a thousand retailers
scream.

RACHEL HESITATES AT THE LAST ONE. VERY NOSTALGIC.

RACHEL

This was my first one. You can
hardly see the numbers. They have
to punch them in -- the magnetic
strip doesn't work anymore.

MONICA

Rachel. Cut the card.

RACHEL SUMMONS HER COURAGE AND CUTS. THE OTHERS CHEER.
MONICA GIVES HER A HUG.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Welcome to the real world. It
really sucks. You're gonna love it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE SAME - LATER THAT NIGHT

JOEY, CHANDLER AND PHOEBE HAVE LEFT. MONICA, RACHEL AND ROSS SIT WATCHING TELEVISION AND EATING OREOS. ON THE TV IS "THE DR. BERNEY SHOW". THE VETERINARIAN IS SHOWING A WOMAN HOW TO GIVE EYE DROPS TO HER CAT. ROSS YAWNS.

MONICA

You wanna crash on the couch?

ROSS

That's okay.

MONICA

You sure? I'll make you peanut butter and bananas.

ROSS

Nah. I gotta go home sometime.

MONICA

Yeah, well, I gotta go to sleep sometime, so...

SHE GETS UP, KISSES HIM ON THE HEAD AND STARTS TOWARD THE BEDROOM.

ROSS

Don't forget, tomorrow's Dad's birthday.

MONICA

(PISSSED) Oh, great. Wait till today to tell me. Like I can really get a card to him by tomorrow.

Jerk.

SHE GOES INTO THE BEDROOM. ROSS TURNS TO RACHEL.

ROSS

In my heart, I'm an only child.

RACHEL

(RE: THE LAST OREO) You want it?

ROSS

Split it with you. (THEY DO; BEAT)
You probably didn't know this, but
back in high school I had a major
crush on you.

RACHEL

I knew.

ROSS

(BRIGHTENING) You did? Really? I
always figured you thought I was
just Monica's geeky older brother.

RACHEL

I did.

ROSS

Ah.

SHE SHEDS AND GIVES HIM A SMILE. IT WAS A LONG TIME AGO.

ROSS (CONT'D)

Listen. Do you think -- and try not
to let my intense vulnerability
become a factor here -- do you think
it would be okay if I asked you out
sometime, maybe?

RACHEL

(WITH A SMILE) Yeah, maybe.

ROSS

Okay. Okay, maybe I will. 'Night.

RACHEL

'Night.

HE GETS UP AND STARTS FOR THE DOOR. MONICA COMES OUT OF HER BEDROOM. SHE SEES HIS FACE -- HE IS CLEARLY VERY PLEASED WITH HIMSELF.

MONICA

What's with you?

ROSS

I just grabbed a spoon.

AND WITH THAT...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COFFEE HOUSE - SEVERAL DAYS LATER

MONICA, PHOEBE AND THE GUYS ARE HANGING OUT.

MONICA

Okay, fine. It's a great butt.

It's a phenomenal butt. (THEN) In
a Ned Beatty sort of way.

JOEY

Shut up. Just shut up.

MONICA LAUGHS. THE WAITRESS COMES OVER TO THE TABLE.

WAITRESS

You guys want any coffee?

WE PULL BACK TO REVEAL THAT THE WAITRESS IS RACHEL.

CHANDLER

Did you make it or are you just
serving it?

RACHEL

Just serving it.

EVERYONE

Sure, I'll have some. Fill 'er up.
I'll have coffee.

AS SHE POURS:

PHOEBE

You know who had great legs? Mr.
Greenjeans.

ROSS

When did you see his legs?

AND AS THEY ALL CHIME IN, LAUGHING AND TALKING AT ONCE,
WE...

FADE OUT.

TAGFADE IN:INT. ROSS'S APARTMENT - EVENING

ALL OF THE FURNITURE IS FINISHED. AND ALL OF IT IS A LITTLE ASKEW. ROSS GOES TO HIS KITCHEN TABLE AND SETS A GLASS DOWN ON IT. HE SITS. THE CHAIR IS VISIBLY UNEVEN, ROCKING FROM LEG TO LEG. AS HE TRIES TO FIX IT, THE GLASS BEGINS TO SLOWLY SLIDE DOWN THE SLANTED TABLE. HE CATCHES IT JUST IN TIME.

SFX: A KNOCK AT THE DOOR

ROSS GETS UP AND ANSWERS IT. HE IS SURPRISED TO DISCOVER CAROL, HIS SOON-TO-BE EX-WIFE.

ROSS

Carol.

CAROL

Hi. The place looks good.

ROSS

(TILTING HIS HEAD) Especially if
you go like this. Which is because
all the furniture is kind of...
never mind. So, uh... what's up?

CAROL

I'm pregnant.

THE GLASS FALLS OFF THE TABLE. ROSS GLANCES AT IT. THEN
BACK TO CAROL.

ROSS

I'm sorry, what was that?

CAROL

I'm pregnant. And... I want to keep
it.

ROSS

Is... is it mine?

CAROL

Well, we know it's not Susan's.

ROSS TAKES THIS IN. AND ON THIS LITTLE CLIFFHANGER...

FADE OUT.